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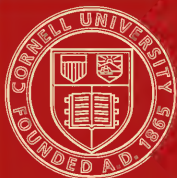
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THE GIFT OF
VICTOR EMANUEL
OF THE CLASS OF 1919

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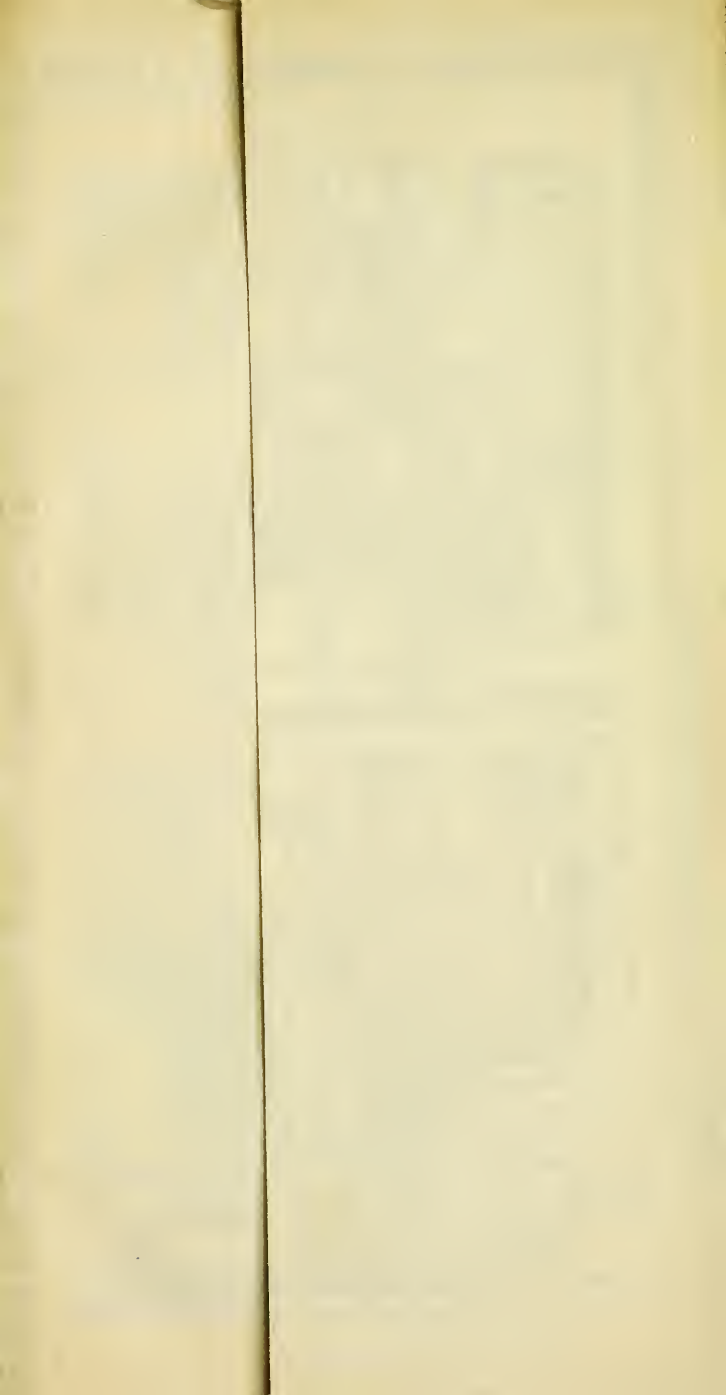
SPECIMENS
OF THE
YORKSHIRE DIALECT,

IN VARIOUS
DIALOGUES, TALES AND SONGS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A GLOSSARY
OF SUCH OF THE YORKSHIRE WORDS
AS ARE
NOT GENERALLY UNDERSTOOD.



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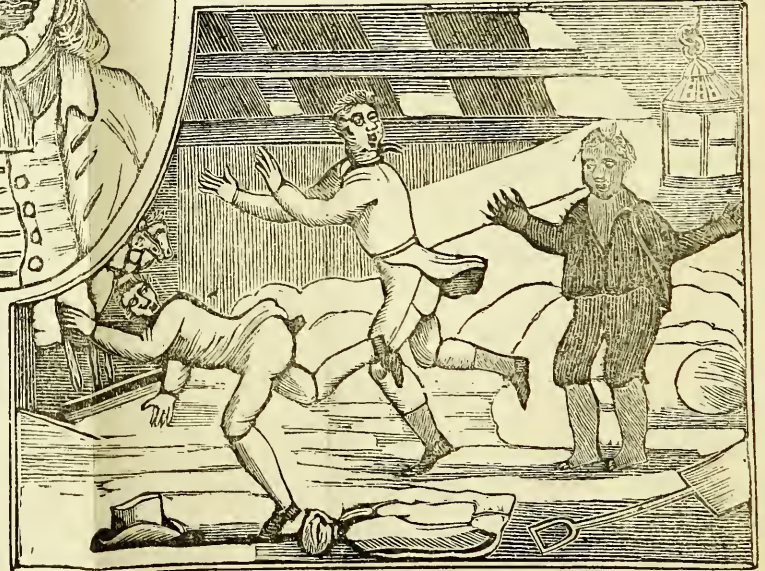
Margery and Gulwell.



Awd Daisy.



Darby and Joan, and their Daughter Nell.



The Sweeper and Thieves.

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OF THE
YORKSHIRE DIALECT,
IN VARIOUS
Dialogues, Tales, and Songs.

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SCOTT'S
P. H. & V. H. H.

SPECIMENS
OF THE
YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

MARGERY AND GULWELL;

A Dialogue between GULWELL, a London Register-Office Keeper, and MARGERY MOORPOOT, a Country Girl.

Margery.

SUR, an a body may be sa bold, Ah's cum te ax an ye've sped about t' woman sarvant at ye advertahs'd for?

Gulwell.

I have not,—come nearer, young woman.

Margery.

Let me steyk t' deer first, an ye please.

Gulwell.

What country-woman are you?

Margery.

Ah's Yorkshur, by mah truly! Ah wor bred and boorn at lahtle Yatton, aside o' Roseberry Toppin.

Gulwell.

Roseberry Toppin!—Where is that, my pretty maid?

Margery.

Sartainly, man! ye knaw Roseberry? Ah thowght onny feal hed knawn Roseberry. It's t' biggest hill i' all Yorkshur. It's aboon a mahle an a hawf heegh, and as cawd as ice at t' top on't, i' t' yattest day i' summer; that it is.

Gulwell.

You've been in some service, I suppose?

Margery.

Hey, Ah'll uphod ye hev E, ivver sin E wor neen year awd. Nea makkins! Ah'd a god's-penny at Stowsely market, hawf a year afoore 'at E wor neen: An' as good a sarvant Ah've been, thof Ah say it mysel, as ivver com within a pair o' deers. Ah can milk, ken, fother, beeak, brew, sheear, winder, caird, spin, knit, sew, an deea ivvery thing 'at belongs tiv an husbandman, as weel as onny lass at ivver ware clog-shun: an' as to my charicter, Ah defy onny boddy, gentle or simple, to say black's mah nail!

Gulwell.

Have you been in any service in London?

Margery.

Hey, an ye please, Ah liv'd wi' Madam Shrilla-pipe, i' St. Paul's Kirk-garth; but wor foorc'd te leeave mah pleeace afoor 'at I'd been a week o' days in't.

Gulwell.

How so?

Margery.

Marry, because she ommost flighted and scauded me oot o' mah wits. She wor t' arrantest scaud 'at ivver E met wi' i' my boorn days. She had sartainly sike a tongue as nivver wor i' onny woman's heead but her awn. It wad ring, ring, ring, like a larum, frae moorn t' neeght. Then she wad put hersel into sike flusters, that her feeace wad be as black as t' reckon creak.—Neea, for t' matter o' that, Ah wor nobbut reeghtly sarrad; for Ah wor tell'd afoorehand, by some varra sponsible fowk, 'at she wor a mere donnot. Hoosumivver, as Ah fand mah money grow less and less ivvery day, (for Ah'd browght mah good siven an' twenty shillings to neen groats and two-pence,) Ah thought it wad be better to tak' up wi' a bad pleeace, than no pleeace at all.

Gulwell.

And how do you like London?

Margery.

Marry, sur, Ah like nowther egg nor shell on't. They're sike a set o' fowk as E nivver seed wi' my een. They laugh an' fleer at a body like onny thing. Ah went nobbut t' other day t' t' beaker's shop, for a leef o' breading, an' they fell a giggling at me, as in Ah'd been yan o' t' grittest gawvisons i' t' world.

Gulwell.

Pray, what is a gawvison?

Margery.

Whah, you're a gawvison, for nut knowing what it is. Ah thought you Lunoners hed knawn ivvery thing. A gawvison's a ninny-hammer. Noo d'ye think 'at Ah leek owght like a gawvison?

Gulwell.

Not in the least, my pretty damsel.

Margery.

They may brag as the' will o' their manners, but they've ne mair manners than a milner's horse, Ah can tell 'em that, that Ah can.—Ah wish I'd been still at Canny-Yatton.

Gulwell.

As you had so great a liking to the place, why did you leave it?

Margery.

Marry, sur, Ah wor foorc'd, as yan may say, to leave: t' squire wadn't let me be; by mah truly, sur, he wor after me moorn, neean, an neeght. If Ah wad but hae consented tiv his wicked ways, Ah mud hae hed gowd by gowpins, that Ah mud.—Leeak ye, squire, says Ah, you're mistacken wi' me; Ah's neean o' ther soort o' cattle: Ah's a varteous young woman, Ah'll asseer ye; ye'er other fowk's fowk—wad ye be sike a teastril as te ruin me?—But all wadn't deea; he kept follo'in an' follo'in, an' teeazin'

an' teeazin' me. At lang run, Ah tell'd my awd deeam, an she advahs'd me to gang to Lunnon, to be out ov hiz way; that she did like an honest woman as she wor.—Ah went to my cousin Isbel, an' says Ah tiv her, Isbel says Ah, will t' gowa to Lunnon? an' tell'd t' yal affair atween me an't squire.—Ods-bobs, my lass, says she, Ah'll gang wi' thee to t' world's end. An' away we com i' good eearnest.

Gulwell.

It was a very *varteous* resolution.—Pray how old are you?

Margery.

Ah's neenteen, come Collop-Monday.

Gulwell.

Would you undertake a house-keeper's place?

Margery.

Ah's flay'd Ah can't manish't, if it beeant in a husbandman's hoose.

Gulwell.

It is a very substantial farmer's, in Buckinghamshire. I am sure you will do—I will set you down for it. Your name?

Margery.

Margery Moorpoot, an' ye please.

Gulwell.

How do you spell it?

Margery.

Neea, makkins! Ah knaw nowght o' speldring. Ah's nea scholar.

Gulwell.

Well, I shall write to him this evening. What wages do you ask?

Margery.

Neea, marry, for t' matter o' that, Ah wadn't be ower stiff about wages.

Gulwell.

Then I can venture to assure you of it. You must give me half-a-crown, my pretty maid. Our fee is

only a shilling for a common place; but for a house-keeper's we have always half-a-crown.

Margery.

There's twee shillings—an' yan, twee, three, four, fahve, six penn'orth o' brass, wi' a thousand thenks. A blessing leeght o' ye, for Ah's seer ye'er t' best friend Ah've met wi' sin E com fra Canny-Yatton, that are ye! When mun E call ageean, sur?

Gulwell.

About the middle of next week.

Margery.

Sur, an ye pleease, your sarvunt.

A W D D A I S Y,

AN ECLOGUE.

Goorgy.

WEEL met, good Robert, saw ye my awd meer?
I've lated her an hoor, i' t' loonin here;
But howsumivver, spite of all my care,
I cannot spy her nowther heead nor hair.

Robert.

Whaw, Goorgy, I've te teyl ye dowly news,
Syke as I's varra seer will mack ye muse:—
I just this minnit left your poor awd tyke,
Dead as a steean, i' Johnny Dobson's dyke.

Goorgy.

Whoor! what's that, Robin? tell us owre ageean!
You're joking, or you've mebby been mistean.

Robert.

Nay, marry, Goorgy, I seer I can't be wrang,
You know I've keyn'd awd Daisy noo se lang,
Her breading-ratch'd feeace, an' twa white hinder
legs,
Preav'd it was hor, as seer as eggs is eggs.

Goorgy.

Poor thing!—what deead then?—had she laid there lang?

Whorabouts is she?—Robert, will ye gang?

Robert.

I care nut Goorgy, I han't much te dea,
A good hoor's labour, or mayhappen twea;
Bud as I nivver like to hing behynd,
When I can dea a kaundness tiv a frynd,
An' I can help ye, wi' my hand or teeam,
I'll help to skin her, or to bring her heam.

Goorgy.

Thank ye, good Robert—I can't think belike,
How t' poor awd creature tumbled inte t' dyke.

Robert.

Ye maund she'd fun hersen just gaun te dee,
An' sea laid down by t' side, (as seeams to me,)
An' when she felt the pains o' deeach within,
She'd fick'd an' struggled, an' se towpled in.

Goorgy.

Meast lickly,—bud—what was she deead outreet,
When ye furst gat up, when ye gat t' furst seet?

Robert.

Youse hear—As I was gaun down 't looan, I spied
A scoore or mair o' crows by t' gutter side,
All se thrang, hoppin in, an hoppin hoot,
I wonder'd what i' th warld the' were aboot.
I leuks, an' then I sees an awd yode laid,
Gaspin' an' pantin' there, an' ommost deead;
An' as they pick'd its een, an pick'd ageean,
It just cud lift it's leg, and give a greean:
But when I fand awd Daisy was their prey,
I wav'd my hat, an' shoo'd 'em all away.
Poor Dais!—ye maund, she's now woorn fairly hoot,
She's lang been quite hard set te trail aboot.—
But yonder, Goorgy, loo' ye whoor she's laid,
An' twea 'r three nanpies chatt'rin' owre her
head.

Goorgy.

Aye, marry! this I nivver wished to see,
 She's been se good—se true a frynd to me.—
 An' is thou cum te this, my poor awd meer!
 Thou's been a trusty sarvant monny a year,
 An' better treatment thou's deserv'd fra me,
 Than, thus neglected, in a dike to dee!
 Monny a day-wark we ha' wrought togither,
 An' bidden monny a blast o' wind and weather;
 Monny a lang dree maule, owre moss an' moor,
 An' monny a hill and deecal we've travell'd owre;
 Bud now, waes me! thou'll nivver trot ne mair,
 Te nowther kirk nor market, spoort nor fair;
 And now, fort' future, thoff I's awd and leam,
 I mun be forc'd te walk, or stay at heam.
 Ne mair thou'll bring me cooals fra' Blakay brow,
 Or sticks fra' t' wood, or turves fra' Leaf how cow
 My poor awd Daise! afoor I dig thy greeave,
 Thy weel-worn shoon I will for keep-seeakes
 seeave;
 Thy hide, poor lass! I'll hev it taun'd wi' care,
 'Twill mak' a cover te my awd airm-chair;
 An' pairt an apron for my wife te weear,
 When cardin' woul, or weshin' t' parlour flier.
 Deep i' t' cawd yearth I will thy carcass pleeace,
 'At thy poor beens may lig and rist i' peeace;
 Deep i' t' cawd yearth, 'at dogs may'nt scrat thee
 hoot,
 And rauve thy flesh, an' trail thy beens about.
 Thou's been se faithful for se lang te me,
 Thou sannut at thy deeach neglected be.
 Seyldom a christian 'at yan now can fynd,
 Wad be mair trusty, or mair true a frynd.

THE INVASION,

AN ECLOGUE.

A WANTON wether had disdain'd the bounds
 That kept him close confin'd to Willy's grounds;
 Broke through the hedge, he wander'd far away,
 He knew not whither, on the public way.
 As Willy strives, with all attentive care,
 The fence to strengthen and the gap repair,
 His neighbour Roger from the fair return'd,
 Appears in sight, in riding-graith adorn'd;
 Whom, soon as Willy, fast approaching, spies,
 Thus to his friend, behind the hedge, he cries.

Willy.

Hoo de ye, Roger, ha' ye been at t' fair?—
 Hoo gangs things? meead ye onny bargains thare?

Roger.

Ah knaw nut, Willy, things deeant luke ower weel,
 Coorn settles fast, thof beeans 'll fetch a deecal:
 Te sell t' awd intack barley, Ah desaund,
 But cudn't git a price te suit my maund.
 What wi' rack rents, an' sike a want o' trade,
 Ah knawn't hoo yan's te git yan's landloord paid;
 Mare ower 'an that, they say i't spring o't year,
 Franch is intarmin'd on't te 'tack us here.

Willy.

Ea, mun!—What are they cummin hither for?
 Depend on't they'd far better nivver stor.

Roger.

True, Willy,—nobbut Englishmen 'll stand
 By yan another, o' their awn gude land,
 They'll never suffer (Ah's be bun to say)
 The Franch te tack a single sheep away;
 Feightin for heeame, upo' their own fair field,
 All t' pow'r i' France cud nivver mack 'em yield.

Willy.

Whah, seer ye cannot think, when put te t' pinch,
 'At onny Englishman 'll ivver flinch!

If t' Franch deea cum here, Roger, Ah'll be hang'd
 An they deeant git ther sens reeght soondly bang'd ;
 Ah can't bud think (thof Ah may be misteean)
 Nut monny on 'em 'll get back ageean.

Roger.

Ah think nut, Willy—bud some fowks say,
 Our Inglish fleet let Franch ships get away,
 When they wor laid (thoo knaw's) i' Bantry Bay,
 At they cud nivver all ha' geen 'em t' slip,
 Bud t' Inglish wanted nut t' tack a ship.

Willy.

Eah! that's all lees!

Roger.

—————Ah dunnot say it's true,
 Its all unknawn te syke as me and you ;
 Hoo deea we knaw when fleets deea reeght or
 wrang ?

Ah whooap it's all on't fause—bud seea talks gang ·
 Hoosivver, this Ah knaw, 'at when they please,
 Our sailors awlus beat 'em upon' t' seeas ;
 And if they nobbut sharply leek about,
 They need n't let a single ship cum oot ;
 For Howe, lang sen, thoo knaws, did bang 'em
 weel,

An' Jarvis meead the braggadoshas feel :
 An' Duncan beeat th' Franch at Camperdoon,
 Whilst Nelson gat in Egypt vast renoon :
 An' tho' at last, poor fellow! he did fall,
 He liv'd, thenk God, until he beat 'em all !
 Why, varry latly, our brave lads hev ta'en
 The fleets and stoors belonging te the Dean :
 An' yet they'll drub 'em weel, Ah dunnot fear,
 An' keep 'em fairly off fra landin' here.

Willy.

Ah whooap seea, Roger ; bud an if they deea
 Cum ower, Ah then sal sharpen my awd leea.
 What thof Ah can bud ov a lahtle boost,
 Ye knaw yan wadn't hae that lahtle lost :

Ah's send oor Mally an' all t' bairns away,
 An' Ah mysen 'll by the yamsteead stay.
 Ah'll feight, if need; an if Ah fall, wha, then,
 Ah's suffer all the warst mishap mysen:
 Was Ah bud seer my wife and bairns wor seeaf,
 Ah then sud be te dee content eneeaf.

Roger.

Reeght, Willy, mun! what an they put us teea't,
 Ah will mysen put forrad my best feeat;
 What thof Ah's awd, Ah's nut seea easily scar'd;
 On his awn middin, an awd cock feeights hard.
 They say a Franchman's turn'd a different man,
 A braver, better soldier, ten to yan;
 But let the Franch be turn'd te what they will,
 They'll find 'at Inglishmen are Inglish still;
 O' ther awn grund, they'll nowther flinch nor flee,
 They'll owther congker, or they'll bravely dee.

A COCK AND BULL STORY.

WHAT dusteh think, Dick? Whiah, Ah noant, Tom. Whiah then Ah'll tell thee. Yesterneet, a bit afoor it wur dark, a Foomerd gat croppen up into t' hen-bawks, an' fretend t' ode cock doon into t' ows bees, an meead him breck t' band, an ding t' deer off t' creaks: a wea he went full smack ower 't yat, (brack t' sneck and twa slices off,) reight into t' fose clooas; he ran ower t' pleeaf, an' cut yan ov his legs sadly o't cooter. Joan Chopsticks, and t' wreet, wur cummin wee his little weffin dog, and fretend him thruff t' gap into t' coo pastur, an t' bull set up a great beeah an' set off wee him. Our lads ran efter em, an' it wur hoo thoo! an noo thoo! a greeat while, till t' ows lowpt ower t' hedge intil a line dike, an' bull efter him, reight atop on his back. They meead a bonny blash i' t' dike. T' lads ran yam an' fetcht a cart-

reeap, an threw 't ower t' bull hoorns, an seeah gat him oot ageean: bud 't ows gat awea fra 'em, an ran ontot' moor, an' trade an ode steg to deeath; bud thare wur a goodly bargans on him, for he wur gude for nowt! then he lowpt ower a heegh stee into a tatee clooas, an thade been macking a tatee pie i' yah corner, an' he gat atop on't, an ommost trade it all te bits. Man at oand clooas cum and roister'd like mad, an sware he'd mack oor maister pay for all 't tatees. What cud we say to t' fellah? for he seeam'd quiet lunjies, an I thowt he'd stucken 't ows wi 't muckfork he'd in his hand. Bud, when his passion wur keeal'd a bit, he sed, "Cum, me lads, let's try if weh can't drive him into t' helm an' catch him, that yeh may get him yam ageean." Seeah, efter a greeat deeaal te deea, we gat him droven into t' helm, an' t' beeaast wur ommost fre-tend oot on t' wits, and wur all on a muck sweat, an trimmeld like an espin leeaaf; we put a helter aboot his heead, an led him doon 't moor looan, an a lang, dree, dowly way it is, an as mucky as mucky! At last we gat him yam, an wur all reeght tir'd wi' t' jubberment we'd had. When w'ad tell'd oor maister all aboot it, he sed, "You've had a weant deeaal a trouble aboot this rotten beeaast, fassen him in his beeaas ageean, an give him sum hay, an mack yast back, for here's a yat yal posset for yer supper."

THE HIRING.

A Dialogue between JOHN and ROBIN, two Husbandmen.

John.

ROBIN, you've don'd yoursen reeight seen;
 I sudden't wonder bud you've left awd deeaame,
 An's boon, mayhap, te seek a pleeaace;
 An if seea, Bob, its just my kease:
 Se, if ye like, we'll gang together,
 An' tawk, like great folks, about t' weather.

Robin.

Why, John, you've gest, Ah've left awd lass,
 For things wor cum te sike a pass,
 That, for my life, Ah cudden't stay,
 An' sea, thou sees, Ah's cum'd away.

John.

Why, Robin, Ah cud like to hear
 What's made ye leeave your place this year ;
 For Ah thowt ye'd a merry life,
 An' bid fair there te get a wife.

Robin.

An' seea Ah did, at furst, thoo sees,
 Till deame browt back hur bonny niece
 Fra Scarbro', where she went tid Spaws,
 Te drink soat watter, Ah suppose :
 And ever sen that bonny lass
 Tid farm did cum, t' awd crazy ass
 Has ta'en it in hur silly head
 That Ah wi' Nancy wad get wed :
 Bud Ah fun out, before 'twas lang,
 That deame did wish te wed hur man :
 Bud Ah was not ower fond o' th' stuff,
 Which put t' awd lady in a huff.
 Nay, yance she teld me hur awn sen,
 If Ah thowt weel o' th' match, why then
 She quickly wad give me hur hand,
 Five hundred pounds, wi' hoose an' land ;
 An, Bob, says she, its no bad chance,
 Better behawf then marrying Nance,
 For she has nowther coo nor horse,
 An' varry lahtle in hur purse ;
 Bud Ah expect thou'll counsel keep,
 An' leak afore thou tacks that leep ;
 An' se Ah did, and went away,
 For as Ah didden't like her, John,
 Ah thowt it best for te begone,
 An leeave my deame an hur niece Nance,
 An at these statts tack my chance.

Now it fell out that very day,
 As through the fair they took their way;
 Young Robin, with a country 'squire,
 Had the good fortune for to hire:
 On Whitsun-Monday, at a dance,
 He chanc'd to meet his sweetheart Nance;
 She liv'd hard by, and so, you see,
 Robin and her did quick agree;
 Bob clapt love to her, and, next year,
 This loving couple married were,—
 At which his dame did rave like mad;
 But dying—left 'em all she had!

THE RIPON BELLMAN'S CRY, IN A GREAT FROST AND FALL OF SNOW.

I IS to gie notidge, that Joanie Pickergill yeats yewn to neit, to moarn at moarn, an to moarn at neit, an nea langer, as lang as storm hods, cause he can git na mare eldin.

THE TRANSLATION.

I am to give notice, that John Pickersgill heats his oven to-night, to-morrow morning, and to-morrow at night, and no longer as long as the storm lasts, because he can get no more fuel.

A DIALOGUE, ON THE PRESENT INDECENT MODE OF DRESS.

Simon.

GOOD morrow, Johnny, hoo de ye deea?
 If you're boon my rooad, Ah'll gang wi' ye:
 Hoo cawd this morning t' wind dus blaw,
 Ah think we seean sal hae sum snaw.

Johnny.

Heigh, Simon, seea we sal, ere lang:
 Ah's boon to t' toon—Ah wish ye'd gang,

For Ah've a dowghter leeatly deead—
 Ah's boon te git her coffin meeade.

Simon.

Heigh! Johnny! deead! whah seer you'r wrang,
 Fur she wor wi' us e'er seea lang,
 An oft wi' her, i' yonder booeer,
 Ah've jooak'd an laugh'd full monny an hoor:
 Bud first, good Johnny, tell me this,
 What meeade her dee?—what's been amiss?

Johnny.

To tell thee, Simon, noo Ah's boon:
 Thoo sees Ah sent her to yon toon
 To t' skeeal; an' next to leearn a trade,
 By which she wor te git her breed;
 Bud, when she first com yam to me,
 She had neea petticoats, ye see:
 At first Ah fan she'd bud her smock,
 An ower that her tawdry frock;
 Sike wark as this it rais'd my passion,
 An' then she tell'd me—it was t' fashion!
 Besides her apron, efter all,
 She'd quite misteean it for a shawl;
 A sartin sign she sense did lack,
 She'd teean and thrown it ower hur back!
 Hur shoon had soles sa varra thin,
 They'd nowt keep out, but let wet in:
 An' roond her neck she lapp'd a ruff
 Of rabbit skin, or sum sike stuff,
 Instead o' wearing a good clooak,
 Te keep hur warm, when she did walk
 Fra heeame, to market or to fair,
 Or yance a week to church repair:
 Besides, thoo sees, she hed neea stays,
 And scarce eneeaf by hoaf o' clais:
 An hur white hat turn'd up befoore,
 All meead her leak just like a wh—re!

Simon.

Wha, Johnny, stop, you're oot o' breeath ;
Bud hoo com she to git hur deeath ?

Johnny.

Wah, Simon, stay, an thoo sal hear :
I't next pleeace, mon, hur breeasts wor bare ;
Hur neeak'd airms, teea, she lik'd to show,
E'en when t' cawd bitter wind did blaw ;
An when Ah talk'd aboot it, then—
You see Ah's awlus by my sen—
Hur mother awlus leean'd hur way,
It matter'd nowght what Ah'd to say :
Ah tell'd my wife hoo it wad be,
An seea she can't lig't bleeam o' me :
Says Ah, foore shee's twice ten years awd,
She's seer te git hur deeath o' cawd.
For this mishap Ah bleeam that feel,
For spoiling hur at boording-skeecal :
Noo hed she meead hur larn hur letters,
Instead o' dressin like hur betters,
She'd nut se seean hae gitten cawd,
An meaby liv'd till she wor awd.
Ah's seer it's all greeat fowks' pursuit
Te hev, like Eve, a birth-day suit.

Simon.

Thoo's reeght, good Johnny, reeght, Ah say,
That Ah've obsarv'd afoore to-day :
An noo t' toon, as each yan passes,
Yan can't tell ladies fra bad lasses.
An oft Ah've thowt, when t' cawd wind blaws,
They'd deea reeght weel te freegthen craws ;
For it wad blaw 'em seea aboot,
Nea cashun then ther'd be te shoot.
Just seea as if that thee and me
An ugly monstrous thing sud see,
Away we beath sud run reeght fast,
As lang as ever we could last.

Johnny.

Hey, Simon, sea we sud, Ah seear ;
 Bud noo to t' toon we're drawing neear,
 Thoo need n't tell what Ah hev sed,
 About my dowghter being deead :
 Good morrow, Simon, fare thee weel :—
 Ah sa,—noo mind thoo does n't tell.

Simon.

Neea, that Ah weeant, whaal Ah hev breeath,
 Ah'll nobbut say—*She's starv'd te deeah.*

DARBY AND JOAN,

AND

THEIR DAUGHTER NELL.

A DIALOGUE.

IN a village in Yorkshire a farmer did dwell,
 Whose wife was call'd Joan, and their daughter
 call'd Nell ;

She was mother's pet, and so, do ye see,
 At sixteen years old wish'd a lady to be ;
 But her dancing and dressing sore griev'd the old
 man,

Who to vent his complaint to Joan thus began.

Darby.

Joan ! Ah noo hev thowt seea mitch about it,
 Ah seerly nivver mare sal doot it !
 At moorn an neeght, an neeght an moorn,
 Ah sumtimes wish Ah'd ne'er been boorn !

Joan.

Whah, Darby, prethee let me see,
 Ah whoap it's nowght 'at's bad o' me.

Darby.

Thee, Joan ! neea, marry, neea sike thing !
 Think bad o' thee ! 'twad be a sin !
 Ah think, indeed, Ah was a feel
 To send oor Nell to t' boordin'-skeeal !

Sike mauky feeals as them, Ah think,
 Hae fill'd hur heead wi' pride an' stink :
 For, sin she went, she's grown seea fine,
 She can't deea noo withoot hur wine
 When t' dinner's owerd ; an' she's seea nice,
 She weant heeat puddin meead o' rice ;
 Thof when at skeeal, an put t' pinch,
 Fra sike gude stuff she'd nivver flinch :
 An all her nooations are seea rais'd,
 It's fit to drive her fathther craz'd :
 Nut 'at Ah care about t' fond lass,
 Neea mare then this—it tacks my brass ;
 An wi' hur fine lang labbring tail,
 She'll git her fathther into t' jail.

Joan.

Whah, Darby, bud thoo knaws there's t' *squire*,
 An' he, mayhap, will Nell admire ;
 An' efter all their noise an' strife,
 Thoo knaws t' young squire now wants a wife :
 Then let's be seer te mack her smart,
 An' teych hur hoo te play hur part ;
 Te draw him on she seean will leearn,
 An' then, thoo knaws, 'at t' wark is deean :
 Hooseer Ah'll try an deea my best,
 An' leeave to thee to manish t' rest.

Darby.

Bud then suppoose hoor plot sud fail,
 An' me for debt be sent te t' jail,
 Poor Nell wad nivver be a wife,
 An' hev te labur all hur life ;
 For efter bein' seea browght up,
 Hoo can she ivver bide te stoop—
 Te gang te sarvice, or te spin,
 Or ivver te deea onny thing ?

Joan.

Wha, Darby, leeave it all te me,
 Ah'll manish t' weel, an that thoo'll see.—

And so she did, as fame reports,
 For the 'squire being fond of rural sports,
 Did sometimes to the farm repair,
 (After a chase of fox or hare,)
 And she invited him to dine,
 On Nell's birth-day—they'd pie and chine.
 The young 'squire lik'd the fare so well,
 That he soon after married Nell,
 And as they drove to church, *doon t' looan*,
 Old Darby cried—*Weel deeen, hoor Joan!*

THE SWEEPER AND THIEVES.

A TALE,

Founded on Facts which occurred a few Years ago, at Leeming-Lane.

A SWEEPER'S lad was late o' th' neeght,
 His slap-shod shoon had leeam'd his feet ;
 He call'd te see a good awd deeam,
 'At monny a time had trigg'd his wame,
 (For he wor then fahve miles fra yam :)
 He ax'd i' t' lair te let him sleep,
 An' he'd next day their chimlers sweep.
 They supper'd him wi' country fare,
 Then show'd him tul his hooal i' t' lair.
 He crept intul his streeahy bed,
 His pooak o' seeat beneeth his heead ;
 He wor content, nur car'd a pin,
 An' his good friend then lock'd him in.
 The lair frae t' hoose a distance stood—
 Between 'em grew a lahtle wood :
 About midneeght, or nearer moorn,
 Two thieves brack in te steal ther coorn ;
 Heving a leeght i' lantern dark,
 Seean they te winder fell te wark ;
 An wishing they'd a lad te fill,
 Young Brush, (whea yet had ligg'd quite still,)

Thinkin' 'at t' men belang'd te t' hoose,
 An' that he noo mud be o' use,
 Jump'd doon directly on te t' fleear,
 An t' thieves then beeath ran oot at deear ;
 Nur stopt at owt, nur thin nur thick,
 Fully convinc'd it wor awd Nick.
 The sweeper lad then ran reeght seean
 Te t' hoose, an' tell'd 'em what wor deean ;
 Maister an' men then quickly raise,
 An' ran te t' lair wi' hawf ther cleelas.
 Twea horses, secks, an leeght, they fand,
 Which had been left by t' thievish band :
 These round i' t' neybourheead they cried,
 Bud nut an awner e'er applied,
 For neean durst horses awn nor secks,
 They wor so freegthen'd o' ther necks :
 They sold the horses, an' of course
 Put hawf o' th' brass i' Sooty's purse,
 Desiring, when he com that way,
 He'd awlus them a visit pay ;
 When hearty welcum he sud have,
 Because he did ther barley save.
 Brush chink'd the guineas in his hand,
 An' oft te leek at 'em did stand,
 As heeame he whistling teak his way,
 Blessin' t' awd deeam wha let him stay
 An sleep i' t' lair, when late o' t' neeght
 His slap-shod shoon had leeam'd his feet.

THE POCKET-BOOKS ;

A DIALOGUE,

Occasioned by a New Pocket-Book being thrown into a
 Desk where an Old One had been laid.

New Pocket-Book.

WHY am I here a captive plac'd,
 And with such company disgrac'd ?

I may with reason now complain,
 Fine books, like men, were made in vain.

Old Pocket-Book.

Thy keease, kind frind, can't be se hard,
 As thy new maister is a bard:
 The ass-skin leeaves 'at thool conteean,
 He'll write 'em ower an ower ageean,
 Wi' sonnets, ipigrams, an' odes,
 Wi' elegies an' ipisodes;
 Thoo'll beear the copies ov his sangs,
 An gang wi' him where'er he gangs;
 If there sud be a country fair,
 He ten te yan 'll tack thee there;
 Keep thee on high an' holidays,
 When he puts on his better cleeas;
 If bill or nooat fall te his share,
 He will commit it te thy care,
 Till monny years, when thoo may be
 As ragg'd, an just as poor as me;
 Dooant let grief reign, nor thy heart ache,
 He'll keep thee for thy giver's seeak.

New Pocket-Book.

Dost thou compare thyself to me?—
 If thou couldst but thy picture see,
 Thy ragged coat, thy dirty look,
 Scarce worthy of the name of book!
 And must I to the fields retire,
 Be prostituted to the lyre,
 Companion of a rustic swain,
 And ne'er return to town again!

Old Pocket-Book.

True, thoo of heigher kin may booast,
 Of finer shape, an' bigger cost;
 Thoo's neeat an smart, Ah mun alloo,
 Bud thoo will quit that bonny hue,
 When thoo, like me, hes hardships boorn,
 An' been by toil an' labour woorn;

I't hoose or field, by streeam or wood,
 Ah constant i' my station stood ;
 An' nivver did mah aid refuse,
 Te sarve my maister, an' the muse ;
 Te gratify the rhyming streean,
 He wrate an' rubb'd, an' wrate ageean ;
 That Ah, like him, lang time hev toil'd,
 Which hes mah yance-fine lustre spoil'd :
 Thoo's yet a streanger to the world,
 Where things appear unequal hurl'd :
 Still different stations ther mun be,
 Thof monny mair 'll freeat like thee :
 Then dooant lament thy turns of fate,
 Bud reconcile thee te thy state.

ADDRESS TO RICHES.

BONNY lass, wi' yallow hair,
 Iv thoo hez an hoor to spare,
 Pray lig aside thy shyness ;
 Ah'll call thee riches, munney, gold,
 Or onny neeame bi which thoo's told,
 Or owt te pleease thy highness.
 Thoo hardly heeds the tryin' hoor
 O' sons o' Genius ; when they're poor
 Thoo seldom will restore 'em ;
 Bud, them that nivver sowl thy smile,
 Blockheeads an' dunces, live i' style,
 Had fadders boorn afoore 'em.
 It's munney macks the meer te gang—
 Macks rang seem reeght, an' reeght seem rang,
 Theere's nowght i' t' warld can match it :
 E tackin' munney maist fowks prize—
 If onny body it despise,
 It's 'cause they cannot catch it.
 Forseeak the mizar's clooase retreat,
 The coffers ov the guilty greeat,
 Wi' plund'rin' fill'd or gamlin :

Sike gert fowks haz abuse the state,
 On whea the men o' munney wait,
 That keeps poor fowks 'cramlin'
 Ah dunnot want a gert estate,
 For if Ah did, thoo'd let me wait,
 That Ah may seeafly lend thee—
 Nut ower mitch, te mack me prood,
 An' leeak ower friends amang a crood ;
 Bud just eneeaf te mend me.
 Cum wi' a swarm o' lucks an loaves,
 That oft gangs wi' thee, when thoo moves,
 Or cum thysen wi' single hand :
 O' guinea nooats tack thoo the shap,
 Or o' king's pictures a gert slap,
 Or ten pund's bank of England.
 Then frends se shy, i' time o' need,
 Will gi' me what E want wi' speed,
 An' stick as cloose as hunny—
 Gi' ther advice, ther cash, ther yal,
 Or hear or tell a merry teal,
 An' all through thee—sweet munney.

ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

SCOO LIN maid o' iron broo,
 Thy sarvunt will address thee noo,
 For thoo invites the freedom,
 By drivin off my former friends,
 To leeak te ther awn private ends,
 Just when Ah chanc'd to need 'em.
 Ah've hed thy cumpany ower lang,
 Ill leakin weean—thoo must be rang
 Thus to cut short my jerkin :
 Ah ken thee weel—Ah knaw thy ways,
 Thoo's awlus kept back cash an' cleas,
 An' foorc'd me te hard workin.
 Te gain o' thee a yal day's march
 Ah strave ; bud, thoo's se varra arch,
 For all Ah still strave faster—

Thoo's tript my heels, an' meeade me stop,
 By small slain coorn, or failin crop,
 Or iv'ry fooul disaster.

If Ah my maund may freely speak,
 Ah reeally dunnut like thy leeak,

Whativver shap thoo's slipt on :

Thoo's awd an' ugly, deeaf an' blinnd,
 A feeind afoor, a freeght behinnd,
 An' fooul as Mudder Shipton.

Foooks say, an' it is nowght bud truth,
 Thoo hes been wi' me fra my youth,
 An gi'en me monny a thumper ;

Bud, noo thoo cums, wi' all thy weight,
 Fast fallin' fra a fearful height,
 A doownreeght Milton plumper.

Sud plenty, fra her copious hoorn,
 Teeam oot te me good crops o' coorn,
 An' prosper weel my cattle ;

An' send a single thoesand pund,
 'Twad bring all things compleeatly roound,
 An' Ah wad gi' the' battle.

Noo, Poverty, yah thing Ah beg,
 Like a poor man, withoot a leg,

Seea prethee duan't deceeave me :

Ah know it's i' thy pooer te grant
 The lahtle faver 'at Ah want,—

'At thoo wad gang an' leeave me.

THE RACE.

NOO, Bob, my lad, to-moorn's the day !

All t' spoort at t' race we'll see ;

Wi' t' lark we'll rise, an' trudge away,
 An varra fine we'll be.

Te see 'em ride, thoo knaws, seea fast,
 As roound aboot they'll gang,

They'll whip an' spur, te nut be last—
 Ah say, noo, dus t' lang ?

What fouks all fine we there sal see,
 I' diffurent cullers drest !
 An' lasses, te cheeat sike as thee.
 Will be all i' ther best.
 An' their we'll stop while t' races last,
 An all t' fine fouks are geean ;
 Fra thence to t' fair we'll trudge reet fast,
 Te reeach it afore neean.
 Tegither then that day we'll keep,
 Wi' sticks i' hand seea fine ;
 At sum o' t' shows we'll tack a peep :
 Ah's seer that day we'll shine !
 Their solgers will be gangin oot,
 Wi' drums an fifes seea grand,
 Recruitin' for young lads about,
 Te fight by seea an' land.
 Noo wi' impatience we deea wait
 The cummin o' that day ;
 We'll off seea seean, an' stop seea late---
 Cum, Bob, noo let's away.

THE FAIR.

YE loit'rin minnits faster flee,
 Ye'er all ower slaw behawf for me,
 That wait impatient for the moorning ;
 Te-moorn's the lang, lang-wish'd for fair,
 Ah'll try te shine the foormust theer,
 Mysen i' finest cleeas adorning,
 Te grace the day.
 Ah'll put my best white stockings on,
 A pair o' new cawf-lether shoon,
 My cleean-wesh'd goon o' printed cotton ;
 About my neck a muslin shawl,
 A new silk hankecher ower all,
 Wi' sike a careless air Ah'll put on,
 Ah'll shine that day.

My paartner Ned, Ah knaw, thinks he,
 "Ah'll mack mysen secure o' thee,"
 He's often sed he'd treet me rarely ;
 Bud Ah sal think ov other fun,
 Ah'll yaim for sum rich farmer's son,
 An cheeat oor simple Neddy fairly,
 Seea sly that day

Why sud Ah nut succeed as weel,
 An' get a man full oot genteel,
 As awd John Darby's dowghter Nelly ;
 Ah think mysen as good as she,
 She can't mack cheese nor spin like me,—
 That's mare 'an beauty, let me tell ye,
 On onny day.

Then, hey for spoorts and puppy-shows,
 An' temptin spice-stalls rang'd i' rows,
 An' danglin dolls, by t' necks all hangin !
 A thousand other pratty seeghts,
 An' lasses, trail'd alang the streets,
 Wi' lads, te t' yal-hoose gangin,
 Te drink that day.

Let's leek at t' winder—Ah can see't,
 It seems as thof 'twas growin leeght,
 The clouds wi' eearly rays adoornin :
 Ye loit'ring minnits faster flee—
 Ye're all ower slaw behawf for me,
 'At wait impatient for the moornin,
 O' sike a day !

SONG.

WHEN Ah wor a wee lahtle tottering bairn,
 An hed nobbut just getten short frocks,
 When te gang Ah at first was beginnin te lairn,
 O' my broo Ah gat monny hard knocks :
 Bud se waik, and se silly an' helpless was I,
 Ah was awlus a tumblin down then,
 While my mother wad twattle me gently, an' cry—
 "Honey, Jenny, tack care o' thysen."

Bud when Ah grew bigger, an gat te be strang,
 'At Ah cannily ran all aboot
 By mysen, wheer Ah lik'd, then Ah awlus mud
 gang
 Withoot being tell'd aboot owt.
 When, hooivver, Ah com to be sixteen year awd,
 An rattled and ramp'd amang men,
 My mother wad call o' me in and wad scaud,
 An' cry—"Hussy! tack care o' thysen."
 Ah've a sweetheart cums noo upo' Setterday neeghts,
 An' he swears 'at he'll mack me his wife;
 My mam grows se stingy, she scauds an' she fleeghts,
 An' twitters me out o' my life:
 Bud she may leek soor, an' consait hersen wise,
 An' preeach ageean likin' young men,
 Sin Ah's grown a woman, her clack Ah'll despise,
 An' Ah's—marry—tack care o' mysen!

THE YORKSHIRE TIKE.

AH iz i' truth a country youth,
 Neean us'd teea Lunnon fashions;
 Yet vartue guides, an' still presides
 Ower all mah steps an' passions.
 Neea coortly leear, bud all sinceere,
 Neea bribe sal ivver blinnd me;
 If thoo can like a Yorkshire tike,
 A rooague thoo'll nivver finnd me.
 Thof envy's tung, seea slimlee hung,
 Wad lee aboot oor coountry,
 Neea men o' t' eearth boocast greter wurth,
 Or mare extend ther boounty.
 Oor northern breeze wi' uz agrees,
 An' does for wark weel fit uz;
 I' public cares, an' all affairs,
 Wi' honour we acquit uz.
 Seea gret a maund is ne'er confiand,
 Tiv onny shire or nation;

They geean meeast praise, weea weel displays
 A leearned Iddication.
 Whahl rancour rolls i' lahtle souls
 By shallo views dissearnin ;
 They're nobbut wise 'at awlus prize
 Gude manners, sense an' leearnin.

A LETTER,

*Discovered in the Library of a deceased Nobleman,
 and supposed to have been wrote during the Rebellion.*

My Loord,

Ye know theer's an awd proverb, a man can dea
 nea mare ner he can dea—wur Ah the d—l hissen
 Ah can na mack men gang an' they ha' nea mind to't ;
 as angry as ye seeam wi' me, gin ye'd been heer
 yersen, ye cud na mack 'em stir yan feeat, tho ye hed
 sworn yer heart oot ; when Ah reead tull 'em yer
 Loordship's last letter they toss ther heeads an' gang
 ther gate, but yance gane they care nut a fart what
 Ah say tull 'em. Ah reead tull 'em twice yer Loord-
 ship's last orders, an' they haunded me t' Act o' Par-
 lement, ye know what Ah mean ; co' Ah tull 'em is
 it sea te dea, the deaal gang wi' ye all, for ther's nea
 dippendance on em. Yer Loordship may rist as-
 suered of my indivvers, that Ah will be wi' ye the
 day efter Munday wi' all Ah'm capable o' bringin
 alang wi' me, i' t' meeantime subscribe mysen yer
 Loordship's most obedent vassal an' humble sarvant
 te command,

—Chief Constubble.

A GLOSSARY.

Ah and E. . . <i>I</i>	Ah's afe. . . <i>I am afraid</i>	Advertahs'd-- <i>advertised</i>
Asseer. . . <i>assure</i>	Awn. . . <i>own</i>	Beeak. . . <i>bake</i>
Ax. . . <i>ask</i>	Awd. . . <i>old</i>	Beeons. . . <i>bones</i>
Aboon. . . <i>above</i>	Awlus. . . <i>always</i>	Breed-ratch'd. . . <i>broad</i>
Airms. . . <i>arms</i>	Asta. . . <i>has thou</i>	strip'd

Bairns. . . <i>children</i>	Fleeht. . . <i>to scold</i>	Nowther. . . <i>neither</i>
Bang. . . <i>to thrash</i>	Fleer. . . <i>to laugh</i>	Nell. . . <i>Helen</i>
Booer. . . <i>bower</i>	Fahve. . . <i>five</i>	Niver. . . <i>never</i>
Behawf. . . <i>by half</i>	Forrad. . . <i>forward</i>	Neeght. . . <i>night</i>
Boorn. . . <i>born</i>	Fowk. . . <i>people</i>	Neea. . . <i>no</i>
Booast. . . <i>boast</i>	Freeat. . . <i>fret</i>	Nooations. . . <i>ideas</i>
Bonny. . . <i>pretty</i>	Fause. . . <i>false</i>	Neen. . . <i>nine</i>
Beas. . . <i>ox stall</i>	Gang. . . <i>to go</i>	Oor. . . <i>our</i>
Broo. . . <i>brow</i>	Gann. . . <i>going</i>	Ower. . . <i>over</i>
Beclarted. . . <i>bedaubed</i>	Gowa. . . <i>let us go</i>	Pairlour. . . <i>parlour</i>
Crake. . . <i>crow</i>	Giggle. . . <i>to laugh</i>	Preeav'd. . . <i>prov'd</i>
Congker. . . <i>conquer</i>	Gowpin. . . <i>two handsful</i>	Prood. . . <i>proud</i>
Cleas. . . <i>cloaths</i>	Gawvison. . . <i>a fool</i>	Prethee. . . <i>I pray thee</i>
Cawd. . . <i>cold</i>	Garth. . . <i>yard</i>	Rahve. <i>tear</i>
Chimler. . . <i>chimney</i>	Geen. . . <i>given</i>	Reckon creak. . . <i>a crook</i>
Ceauke. . . <i>cook</i>	Hoosivver & Hoosum- ivver. . . <i>however</i>	<i>suspended from a beam</i> <i>within the chimney.</i>
Cragg. . . <i>rock</i>	Heeght. . . <i>high</i>	Reeght. . . <i>right</i>
Coorn. . . <i>corn</i>	Heeame. . . <i>home</i>	Sare. . . <i>sore</i>
Cawfe. . . <i>calf</i>	Hey. . . <i>yes</i>	Sarrad. . . <i>served</i>
Com. . . <i>came</i>	Iddicasion. . . <i>education</i>	Steyk t' deer. . . <i>shut the</i> <i>door</i>
Consait. . . <i>conceit</i>	Ken. . . <i>churn</i>	Skeal. . . <i>school</i>
Donnot. . . <i>fool</i>	Kirk. . . <i>church</i>	Seck. . . <i>sack</i>
Dowly. . . <i>dismal</i>	Knaw. . . <i>know</i>	Sall. . . <i>shall</i>
Deea. . . <i>do</i>	Keease. . . <i>case</i>	Slaw. . . <i>slow</i>
Dyke. . . <i>ditch or pond</i>	Lahle. . . <i>little</i>	Sum. . . <i>some</i>
Deer. . . <i>door</i>	Lated. . . <i>sought</i>	Sike. . . <i>such</i>
Ding. . . <i>throw</i>	Lig. . . <i>lie</i>	Seea. . . <i>so</i>
Daft. . . <i>foolish</i>	Looaning. . . <i>lane</i>	Soondly. . . <i>soundly</i>
Dean. . . <i>done</i>	Leeght. . . <i>light</i>	Scaud. . . <i>scold</i>
Deeame. . . <i>dame</i>	Lair. . . <i>a barn</i>	Seer. . . <i>sure</i>
Draff. . . <i>grains</i>	Leeatly. . . <i>lately</i>	Ther. . . <i>their</i>
Duz. . . <i>does</i>	Leeak. . . <i>look</i>	Thowght. . . <i>thought</i>
Doon. . . <i>down</i>	Leeaf. . . <i>loaf</i>	Tike. . . <i>an old horse or</i> <i>mare, a man</i>
Dee. . . <i>die</i>	Leea. . . <i>scythe</i>	Teeastril. . . <i>villain</i>
Din. . . <i>noise</i>	Mah. . . <i>my</i>	Twea. . . <i>two</i>
Dree. . . <i>long</i>	Mannish. . . <i>manage</i>	Teych. . . <i>teach</i>
Dusta. . . <i>does thou</i>	Mebby. . . <i>perhaps</i>	Weshing. . . <i>washing</i>
Donn'd. . . <i>drest</i>	Meer. . . <i>a mare</i>	Whoor. . . <i>where</i>
Een. . . <i>eyes</i>	Misteean. . . <i>mistaken</i>	Winder. . . <i>window</i>
Ey. . . <i>yes</i>	Mud. . . <i>might</i>	Woul. . . <i>wool</i>
Eldin. . . <i>fuel</i>	Mauke. . . <i>whimsical</i>	Whooap. . . <i>hope</i>
Eneef. . . <i>enough</i>	Mitch. . . <i>much</i>	Weeant. . . <i>will not</i>
Ewer. . . <i>udder</i>	Mare. . . <i>more</i>	Yal. . . <i>whole and ale</i>
Feeat. . . <i>foot</i>	Moorn. . . <i>morning</i>	Yan. . . <i>one</i>
Fra. . . <i>from</i>	Muck. . . <i>dirt</i>	Yatton. . . <i>Ayton</i>
Fawt. . . <i>fault</i>	Meead. . . <i>made</i>	Yode. . . <i>an old horse</i>
Fain. . . <i>glad</i>	Mack. . . <i>make</i>	Yat. . . <i>hot</i>
Finnd, fand, fund. . . <i>found</i>	Maund. . . <i>mind</i>	
Flung. . . <i>thrown</i>	Mahle. . . <i>mile</i>	
Flay'd. . . <i>afraid</i>	Nobbut. . . <i>only</i>	
Feeal. . . <i>fool</i>		







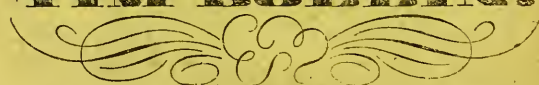
THE
LANCASHIRE

DOUBLET



BY

WILLIAM BOBBIN.



PRICE
SIXPENCE





